

THE UPPER ROAD SERIES

THE CALL OF THE UPPER ROAD



KATHRINE R. LOGAN

Library of The Theological Seminary

PRINCETON · NEW JERSEY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF

ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER



BJ 1581 .L63 1924

Logan, Kathrine Ross, 1868-
The call of the upper road

Mrs. Robert Speer: I am sending you this copy of my little work in appreciation of a very helpful letter which I received from you when I was new in my work as Town and County Secretary. It contained a message that meant much to me at that time. I still have the letter.

Nathalie P. Togian

92 Dennis Apt.

Long Beach,

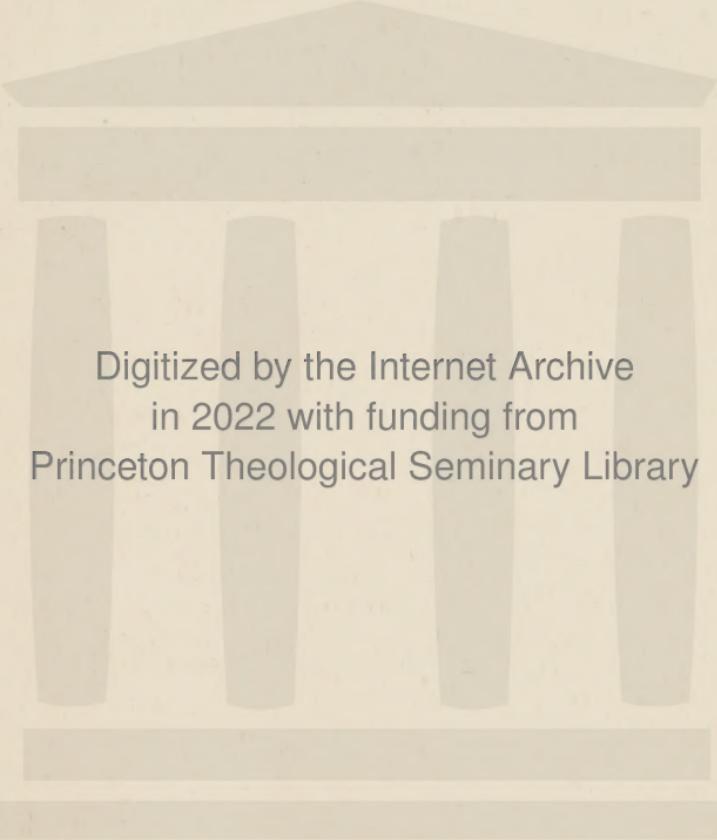
California.

Aug. 2 - 1924

The Upper Road Series: Book One

THE CALL OF
THE UPPER ROAD

KATHRINE R. LOGAN



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library



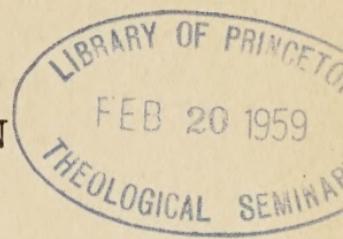
*From a Copley Print. Copyright by Curtis & Cameron.
Publishers, Boston, Mass.*

THE BOY OF WINANDER. *H. O. Walker*

All day where the sunlight played
on the sea-shore, Life sat,
All day the soft wind played with
his hair, and the young, young face
looked out across the water. He was
waiting—he was waiting; but he could
not tell for what.

THE CALL OF THE UPPER ROAD

BY
KATHRINE R. LOGAN



NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1924,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

THE CALL OF THE UPPER ROAD
— A —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

*This Series of Books
Is Dedicated*

TO ALL SEEKERS OF THE BEST

INTRODUCTION

The author of this book many years ago heard the Call of the Upper Road and entered upon it. Her experience as a teacher, as county superintendent of schools, as a worker in the United States Agricultural Extension Department, and as a national Y. W. C. A. secretary, fits her to be a counselor of others.

In her book she portrays the Upper Road as the only one that gives satisfaction all the way through life. There are no desert wastes to be met in traveling it, nor are there mirages that promise refreshing waters and then vanish from sight when one feels the most exhausting thirst. On the Road are many Elims with shady palm trees and wells of cool sweet waters by the way.

In a long lifetime I have never known a period in which such wise counsel as is given in this book was more urgently needed than it is

today. The message of the book is most helpful and timely. It will be a guide and strength and inspiration to all who read it.

REV. JOHN MACALLISTER, D.D.

Hollywood, California.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In these chapters occur many quotations which I hope will be as helpful to the reader as they have been to me.

I am especially grateful to the following publishers who have generously granted me the privilege of quoting from their books:

ASSOCIATION PRESS:

Realizing Religion by Samuel M. Shoemaker, Jr.
Christian Standards in Life by Murray-Harris

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY:

A Heart Garden by J. R. Miller
Optimistic Life by Orison Swett Marden

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY:

This Mystical Life of Ours by Ralph Waldo Trine

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY:

Spiritual Knowing by Theodore F. Seward

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY:

The Book of Courage by W. J. Dawson
The Larger Life by George D. Herron
Christianity and Progress by Harry Emerson Fosdick

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY:

What Christianity Means to Me by Lyman Abbott
The Infinite Artist and Other Sermons by Frederick F. Shannon

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY:

Short passages from *The Home Book of Verse*

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LTD.:

Dawn by Frederick George Scott in "Canadian Poets and Poetry"

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS:

Poem Outlines by Sidney Lanier

The Toiling of Felix by Henry Van Dyke

MITCHELL KENNERLY CO.:

Psalm by Jessie E. Sampter in "The Lyric Year"

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE:

Good Company by Karl Wilson Baker in "The Anthology of Magazine Verse and Year Book of American Poetry"

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY:

Souls by Fannie Stearns Davis in "Myself and I"
Every Great Deed Has a Stairway by Mary Caroline Davies

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT:

Quotations from Dr. Lyman Abbott

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:

Each in His Own Tongue, and Other Poems by William Herbert Carruth

HARPER & BROTHERS:

The Mirthful Lyre by Arthur Guiterman

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY:

Verse by Fredrica Beard to "The Boy of Winander" from *Pictures in Religious Education*.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. <i>Roads and Choices</i>	15
2. <i>The Call of the Upper Road in Nature</i>	41
3. <i>The Call of the Upper Road Within the Soul</i>	67
4. <i>The Miracle of Will on the Upper Road</i>	93
5. <i>The Upper Road Means Climbing</i>	119
6. <i>Your Day and Your Opportunity on the Road</i>	143

CHAPTER I: *Roads and Choices*

“Oft as we jog along life’s winding way,
Occasion comes for every man to say—
‘This road?—or That?’ and as he chooses
then,
So shall his journey end in Night or Day.”

—JOHN OXENHAM, “*The Cross Roads*”

“All in the golden weather forth let us ride
today,
You and I together on the King’s Highway;
The blue skies above us, and below the shin-
ing sea,
There’s many a road to travel, but it’s this
road for me.”

—JOHN S. McGROARTY

THE CALL OF THE UPPER ROAD

CHAPTER 1

Roads and Choices

Life is made up of roads:
They start from where you are;
Some roads are ending near,
And some are leading far.

The road you choose means much
To others and to you:
'Tis not so much the road
As where 'tis leading to.

—K. R. L.

All roads start from where you are. They run in all directions and you may wonder which is the best road to take. All have a way of their own of inviting you, and each has its own particular inducements.

16 *The Call of the Upper Road*

Roads seem to know you and to expect you. They keep open for you both day and night. There is a big difference in the roads and it is most important that you choose the best.

At the beginning, roads may look so very much alike to you that you may not hesitate much in your choice. You will find, however, as you journey on that the difference in the end is tremendous. You will find too that the road you keep traveling gets a grip on you, so that the longer you travel it the less likely you are to make any change, the more susceptible you become to its lure, and the more yielding to its line of conduct. It influences your future line of thought, course of action, and quality of service. It is a road of progress in its own direction. It is the entrance to a certain destination ahead, and it has to do with your eternal destiny.

Before you go any farther on your journey of life, inquire of your innermost soul as to the best road. "Happy are you if you condemn not yourself in the things which you allow." If you are true to the voice speaking within your soul you need have no doubt regarding the road you ought to travel. Within yourself you

will find the right promptings—it is not necessary for you to depend on anything outside.

When you choose the best road the Great Spirit within you becomes your constant guide, by reproving you when you leave the right road, by having angels minister unto you when you overcome, by ever speaking within, to woo you, and by letting you know the very moment when you even think of wandering a bit. The Spirit within has a kind of way of making you feel a bit uncomfortable when you get off the right road, sometimes causing a feeling of remorse—all in greatest kindness—just to awaken in you a sense of consciousness in order to lead you back again to the right road. Great indeed is the kindness of the Great Spirit within. It is back of all your inward struggles and keeps your soul alive. It is great as Angelina Morgan says:

“To be alive,
To think, to yearn, to strive;
To suffer torture when the goal is wrong,
To be sent back and fashioned strong.”

No matter which road you choose to travel, the time given you will be rather short. It

may be a day's journey or it may be one of many days. The length of time given you is not for you to know. All persons have the same allotment given them at any one time: a day at a time, a night at a time. We are each held responsible for the days and the nights that are given us. It is the quality of life and not the number of the days that is most important.

“Our life is like a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;
Large in his debts who lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the least to pay.”¹

Whether you remain for breakfast only, or for dinner, or possibly for supper need not concern you. It is the road you choose and your conduct of life that matters. It is what you think and do that counts.

“Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime.”²

¹ Quoted in different forms from epitaphs.

² Lowell, “For an Autograph.”

Begin right and keep on doing the very best you know each day as it comes, and you will live a worthy life. You need not be concerned about the number of your days, but you should be concerned regarding the quality of your life.

“It matters not how long we live, but how.” ³

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs;

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest,

Acts the best;

Lives in one hour more than in years do some

Whose thick blood sleeps as it slips through their veins.” ⁴

You may have been traveling on the best road ever since you can remember. You may or may not be able to tell just when you started. You may have been raised in a Christian home and surrounded by Christian influ-

³ P. J. Bailey.

⁴ P. J. Bailey.

ences. Before you were able to talk your mother may have whispered a prayer into your soul. As soon as you could lisp, you may have repeated the little prayer that she taught you. Your parents may not have been rich in this world's goods. They may not have been educated and accomplished, but if they lived consecrated Christian lives and tried to start you out on the right road, that counted for more than all else. The right direction given the soul in youth is of inestimable value.

Emerson put the right estimate on values in life when he said:

“My Latin and my Greek,
My accomplishments and my money stead me
nothing;
Only as much soul as I have avails.”

The biggest thing that our parents can do for us in infancy is to teach us about God as our heavenly Father; God who loves us and cares for us; God who always sees us and who hears us and knows even the very thoughts within us; God who will guide us all through life if we daily ask Him. Such teachings in

childhood lead to where we voluntarily make God our choice and with His help we travel the Upper Road through life. We may not understand all that our parents and teachers tell us, yet the soul is so very sensitive and impressionable that we receive and retain far more than any person can realize.

“Think not that he is all too young to teach;
His little heart will like a magnet reach
And grasp the truth for which you find no
speech.”

The truths received in youth increase in meaning with the years. What goes into the first of life becomes part of all life. The songs we sing, the verses we repeat, the ideals set before us, have far more to do with our inner life and our conduct than anyone can possibly know.

In his youth a boy repeated glibly the words of a little poem by Jane Taylor, “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.” At sixty that boy repeated again the same words, but he repeated them differently for they grew full of meaning and wonder with the years. Standing out

under the starry heavens in the night he looked up and repeated the words aloud most slowly and most reverently:

“Twinkle,—twinkle—little—star—
How—I—wonder—what—you—are—
Up—above—the—world—so—high—
Like—a—diamond—in—the—sky.”

He felt as did David of old when he beheld the heavens and said:

“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;
What is man that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?”

A young man who neglected to pray as he grew older was in the trenches during the late war and in great danger. As he lay there at night the prayer that his mother taught him in his childhood days came to him. He repeated it. It meant everything to him as he lay in the darkness of the night in the face of danger, and he prayed most earnestly:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take—
And this I ask for Jesus’ sake—Amen.”

Ah, it too had become full of meaning with the years. His whole soul went out to God, as he trusted and went to sleep for the night.

Fortunate indeed are you if from your earliest childhood you learned to love the beautiful and the best; if you learned to look upon God as a Father who loves you; if from the very beginning you have been joyously conscious of His presence, and you felt hurt whenever you consciously did anything that in any way displeased Him, and you could not rest until you talked things over with Him, and He forgave you and made you feel all right again. Happy indeed are you if through the years you have had this experience, for then you have been traveling the Upper Road all the way with Him.

It may be that you have not had this experience and you have not chosen to travel the Upper Road. Since each day is of such tremendous importance in your journey here it is

24 *The Call of the Upper Road*

vitally important that you choose to travel the Upper Road now. Life is short here and delays are dangerous, and there is much expected of you while you are here. If you carry out the plan God has for you it will be necessary for you to seek to know and to do His will. God leaves with you the choosing. You are a distinct individual and you make your own distinct choices. No one else can do the choosing for you. Others may recommend, but you must choose. You are held responsible for whatever line of conduct you follow. Any delay in making choice of the best robs you of wonderful opportunities for growth and for service.

“Come, choose your road and away, away,
We’ll follow the gypsy sun;
For it’s soon to the end of day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the
May,
And there’s never a May but one.”⁵

Many things may influence you in the making of your choice. You may be inclined to follow the crowd. It is a temptation to go the

⁵ Alfred Noyes.

way the many are going. Once you go along with the crowd you will find your progress impeded. You begin to lose your power of initiative. The crowd blocks the way and carries you along with it. You find it difficult to get away from it. Beware of the crowd. Be strong enough to go alone, do your own thinking and your own choosing. Travel the road of loftiest purpose, sincerest seeking, most unselfish living, constant growing, choicest fellowships, and greatest soul satisfactions.

You may be inclined to travel the road that your most intimate friend is traveling. The choice of your friend may not always be the best. Your friend may be your greatest hindrance. You are with your friend so constantly. You help shape each other's thoughts and direct each other's conduct. There can be no true lasting friendship unless you travel the best road. Any person who continues to keep you from being and doing your best is no true friend. Friends should be mutually helpful. You too must be your best because of your friend. Elizabeth Barrett Browning once asked Charles Kingsley, "What is your secret of life? Tell me that I may make mine beauti-

26 *The Call of the Upper Road*

ful too." He replied, "I had a friend." One of the choicest gifts in life is a friend who helps you to be your best. An ancient philosopher once said to a friend of his, "I am always strong when I am near you."

On the road of life there is great need for such helpful friendships. It is great to be a helpful friend, the kind of Upper Road friend that folks will be glad to meet because of your friendly interest, your radiating personality, and your unselfishness. Your presence will be welcome and exhilarating as the sunshine. A woman who held many important positions said the greatest compliment ever paid her was when her mother said to her one day, "It always seems like seeing the sunshine to see you." If you choose to follow the Upper Road and follow your Master closely you will become that kind of a friend.

"Do any hearts beat faster,
Do any faces brighten
To hear your footsteps on the stair,
To meet you, greet you, anywhere?
Are you so like the Master,
Dark shadows to enlighten?

Are any happier today
Through words that they have heard you say?
Life were not worth the living,
If no one were the better
For having met you on the way,
And known the sunshine of your stay."

If you travel the Upper Road that is the kind of person you will be, and your friends will say of you what one friend said of another, "It was easier to be good when she was with us."

The late Emperor of Japan wrote the following significant advice in regard to one's choice of friends:

"For he that wrongs a friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

The water placed in goblet, bowl or cup
Changes its form to its receptacle;
And so our plastic souls take various shapes
And characters of good or ill, to fit
The good or ill in the friends they choose.

28 *The Call of the Upper Road*

Therefore be ever careful in your choice of friends,

And let your special love be given to those Whose strength of character may prove the whip

That drives you ever to fair wisdom's goal."

In this pleasure seeking age your immediate desires for worldly pleasures may influence you in your choice of roads. The pleasures and amusements of the day occupy much of the time and thought of people. As a result the better thoughts and aspirations of life are crowded out of their lives. They fail to grow and pass on of their best to others. They lose their sense of responsibility and are not seriously concerned as to the outcome of their manner of life. They content themselves by asking, "What's the harm?"—a sure indication that they stand condemned in their innermost souls in that which they allow, and from which they do not have enough strength of will to desist. They travel along in a happy-go-lucky way over this self-indulgent road that keeps their thoughts dwarfed and their souls starved and lean, and their lives spiritually unfruitful.

One needs to be well reinforced within to withstand this luring, pleasure-loving road where minor thoughts crowd out the greater.

In Arabian Nights is a fable of a Magnetic Island away out in the ocean. Towards it a ship is drifting. The ship is stout, well built, and wonderful in its making, but it is rudderless, and the magnetism of the island draws it closer and closer till suddenly without sound of hammer or explosion the ship falls to pieces. The magnetism of the island drew out every rivet and every bolt and the wreckage of a great ship lay strewn upon the sea. "This is only a fable," says the Record of Christian Work, "but there is much truth in it. The lure of the present age is the Magnetic Island."

The books you read may have much to do with your choosing of the road. Good books are wonderfully helpful and intimate friends. Through them others pass on their best thoughts. They meet us as equals and we feel no embarrassment as we think things out together. It is soul speaking to soul and spirit helping spirit, and there is entire harmony. There comes greater revelation and strength and courage and inspiration as we commune

together on the things that are highest, and best, and uplifting. An English publishing house used the following advertisement when sending out their books, all of which were of a very high order: "A MAN WHO BUYS A BOOK IS NOT ONLY BUYING A FEW OUNCES OF PAPER, STRING AND PRINTER'S INK: HE MAY BE BUYING A WHOLE NEW LIFE."

You may not think it necessary to choose any other road. You are satisfied with yourself as you are. You read the best literature, you repeat its sayings to yourself, you revel in its ideas. You inwardly congratulate yourself on your intelligence, and on your standing in society. You are proud of yourself. You would not swear or steal or lie or gossip. You would not do some of the things that many who profess to be better than you do. You congratulate yourself on your liberality and that you are what you are. In plain words, you are self-righteous and "knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

The Master of the Upper Road says, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire,

that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment
that thou mayest be clothed."

"You live for yourself, you think for yourself,
For yourself and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died."

"We begin to be bad as soon as we plume
ourselves on being good." Two men one time
went up to the Temple to pray. One prayed
loud and long and told the Lord about the fine
life he led, and all the fine deeds he did, and
then he thanked the Lord that he was not like
other men. The other man, feeling how finite
he was, how lacking in understanding, how un-
worthy of all the blessings bestowed upon him,
bowed in humility and smote his breast, say-
ing "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner." We
read that the latter was justified by the Master
of Life rather than the former.

"Two men went to pray, or rather say
One went to brag, and the other to pray."

Dr. Channing was one day driving with a
friend on the shore of the ocean. His friend

remarked: "Oh, Dr. Channing, how small we seem in view of all this!" Dr. Channing replied, "When I am in such a presence as this I do not think of myself at all." So it will be when you are conscious of the presence of God. To see Him you must get out of yourself. A Japanese proverb says, "The frog in the well never sees the ocean." Neither does the person that is satisfied with his own little circle of ideas and thoughts and plans, ever see the Christ, or know the meaning of the Life Abundant. "Christian faith is like a grand cathedral with divinely painted windows. Standing without you can see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor."

"God, harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for ease and rest, and joys,
Myself arch traitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog, whatever road I go."⁶

It is not for you to remain on this road if you choose aright.

⁶ Christina Rosetti.

“Take one step out of yourself,” say the Sufus, “and you will arrive at God.”

You may be preventing yourself from traveling the Upper Road because you persist in indulging in some known sin—something in your life that keeps you away from God; something that keeps you from communion with Him, and robs you of inward peace and the real joy of life. Your sin may not look very big to you, but if it is anything that keeps you from communion with God it is tremendous, no matter how insignificant it may appear to your blinded eyes. Anything in your life that separates you from God is destructive to your soul. It calls down on you the greatest condemnation. These little sins are most dangerous. Once indulged in they are apt to become habit. “Habit is a cable. You weave a thread of it each day until it becomes so strong you cannot break it.” The devil gets more people to follow him by means of little secret sins than he does by the big outstanding crimes. He doesn’t care how he does it so he keeps you from the Upper Road and God.

You may not have given any thought to the choosing of the road. You may be going along

without any decisive thinking. There are many who drift along in this stupid way. They have their food and their clothes, and a good account in the bank, and easy times, and an easy conscience. They go along each day as though life did not matter. The problems of the day do not concern them. They live only for their own interests, and unknowingly kill thereby what is to their own interest. Isaac Watt describes them well when he says:

“A number of us creep
Into the world to eat and sleep
And know no reason why we’re born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, flesh and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.

And if our tombstone when we die
Be not taught to flatter and to lie,
There’s nothing better can be said
Than ‘he’s e’t up all his bread
Drunk up his drink and gone to bed.’”

In the words of Carlyle we might say of them, “Soul extinct; stomach well alive.” Such persons have not been in harmony with God

and His plans. They have not taken Him and His passion for humanity into account. Their better selves they allowed to become paralyzed while they ate and slept. The community is no better for their living in it. They have nothing worth while to pass on to others when they are gone. They are all too common to every age and to every community. They are unmoved by the great purpose of life. They are like those who were asleep "while Rome burned." Wordsworth must have had them in mind when he wrote:

"For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on the pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less for-
lorn."

In your choosing you would not voluntarily want to continue to travel on any of these indifferent irresponsible roads. The only way to stay clear of them is to keep off of them entirely. Better for you to say now with Chang Chih Ho, a Chinaman who lived in 750 A. D., who in his day was a seeker of the best:

The lady moon is my lover,
My friends are the oceans four,
The heavens are roofed over me,
The dawn is my golden door.
I would liefer follow the condor
Or the seagull soaring from ken
Than to bury my god-head yonder
In the dust of the whirl of men."

Better say with David, King of Israel, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Better with the apostle, be willing to spend and be spent, that the cause of Christ may be glorified. Better say with Edna St. Vincent Millay:

"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah my foes, and oh my friends,
It gives a lovely light."

Better say what Clare Sheridan said in her diary of a visit to Russia, "I would rather live in discomfort in an atmosphere of gigantic effort than to live in luxury among the purpose-

less." Better for you to choose the best at once and make the affirmation of the poet your own:

"I'm going by the Upper Road, for that still
 holds the sun,
I'm climbing through night's pastures where
 the starry rivers run;
If you should think to seek me in my old dark
 abode,
You'll find this writing on the door,
 'He's on the Upper Road.' "

CHAPTER 2: *The Call of the Upper
Road in Nature*

Bestir yourself, move on, and do!
North and south and east and west
There's something calling you;
You have your choice of all that's best,
Of all that's calling you.

—K. R. L.

CHAPTER 2

The Call of the Upper Road in Nature

“I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand,
Looking across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire;
And I heard a low voice calling,
‘Come up higher, come up higher,’
From the lowlands and the mire,
From the mists of earth’s desire,
From the vain pursuit of self,
From the attitude of self:
‘Come up higher, come up higher.’”¹

Voices are everywhere calling in nature. There is ever all about you something that calls to your soul, and invites you, as the poet says, to

¹ James S. Clark.

“Come out of your cage
Come out of your cage
And take your soul on a pilgrimage.”

It is the call of the Upper Road. The call of the Upper Road is the call of God. He speaks to us through all that He has created. There is no place where God’s voice may not be heard. There is none but may hear Him speak if they but listen, if they but seek Him.

“Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.”

To all there comes through nature a sense of His presence. No soul escapes knowing that God is, even though it may not understand. There comes to it in the words of George MacDonald:

“A voice in the wind I do not know;
A meaning in the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend,
A something is behind them: that is God.”

“Through every blade of grass,” says Carlyle, “the glory of the present God still beams.”

Coleridge in his “Hymn Before Sunrise” in the vale of Chamouni, says,

“God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!

Ye pine groves, with your soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!”

In the words of the Psalmist, “The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out to all the earth, and their sound to the end of the world.”

Blessed indeed are they who hear God in nature and become awakened to a personal consciousness of Him.

“And through and over everything,

A sense of glad awakening . . .

I know not how such things can be!

I breathed my soul back into me.

Ah! up then from the ground I sprang,

I hailed the earth with such a cry . . .

‘O God,’ I cried, ‘no dark disguise
Can e’er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity.’”²

Nature has a wonderful meaning when we see God in it. Poets of all the ages testify to this.

“What are ye, orbs?” the poet asks, and in his soul he finds an answer, “The words of God! The Scriptures of the skies!”

Addison looking at the stars thinks of them: “Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

It is to the soul alone that nature speaks thus. We alone have that in us that sees beyond the present and the material. We are not confined to the little space that we occupy here. The soul knows no boundary. There is no limit to the soul’s height or depth or breadth.

“The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow lands of space.

² Edna St. Vincent Millay.

My mind and ears at times have caught
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of eternal thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.”³

Nature helps the soul in its flight, as did the Marshes of Glynn the soul of Sydney Lanier when he became conscious of God’s presence in the marshes about him. His soul sought greater freedom and he said:

“Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness
of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh
hen flies;
In the freedom that fills all the space ’twixt
the earth and the skies.
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in
the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness
of God;

³ Frederick George Scott.

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes
of Glynn."

It is to this life of freedom and of greatness that the voices in nature call us. The soul longs to extend itself and like the bird soar high and free.

God has great things in store for the soul if we but seek Him and listen for His voice. He enables us to see beyond—a beyond without limit. He sends us in every place some whispers of His love. Through the marshes, through His glorious sunsets, through His starry heavens, through the trees and the flowers, He sends us messages which may be ours if we are in tune to receive them.

Does the evening sun entrance you
With its glory as it sets?
Does it lift and strangely free you
From all earthly cares and frets?
Do the stars of heaven tell you
That your spirit knows no bounds,
When at eventide you view them
As they make their nightly rounds?

Do you note how close is heaven,
Feel its nearness in the woods,
Where the many lights and shadows
Answer to your inner moods?
When you scent the flowers' fragrance
In the early days of June,
Do you feel that you and heaven
Are in almost perfect tune?
Do you see the promised rainbow
In the tiniest drop of dew?
Then know that Heaven is sending
Wireless messages to you.

—K. R. L., *Heaven's Wireless*.

It were well then to keep ourselves in tune with Nature, that we may hear her voices, "For the world was made in order and the atoms march in tune." King David tells us how he received messages from the hills, where he heard God's voice in his soul. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall

not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."

Not to David alone did He send His messages, but through all time He sends messages from the hills and the mountains to those who listen, to those who have ears to hear.

Now as in the days of Moses when God talked to him on the mount will God speak to us. Deaf indeed is the person who receives no message of strength and assurance from the mountains of today.

Heaven doesn't seem far
Where the mountains are;
Their fleecy clouds play
On their summits all day;
And there comes as of yore
From those gone before
A message of strength
Through the mountains.

—K. R. L., *A Voice in the Mountains.*

John Muir loved the mountains. For him they had great messages of peace and strength.

He became great from associating with them. They kept his soul in tune with God. He says:

“Climb the mountains and get your tidings:
Nature’s peace will flow into you
As sunshine into trees.
The winds will blow the freshness into you,
And the storms their energy,
While cares will drop off like autumn leaves.”

It is not necessary to live near the mountains to receive strength and uplift. We may hear God speaking to us as we drive along the road, where the wild roses also bring us messages from God.

God loves me,
He sends me roses—
Every day He sends me flowers;
All along the country side
He scatters roses by the hours,
To express anew His love,
To remind me He is near.
In my daily pilgrimage,
His roses bring me cheer.

—K. R. L., *Love’s Token*.

God is such a wonderful lover of souls that He is constantly sending us gifts and messages of love. Go out into your garden and there too you may receive messages from Him, and be conscious of His nearness, and of His care, and of His love.

“A garden lies from all the world apart,
And in soft twilights, when the day is fair,
I turn to walk in it and find YOU there!”

“I often think when working over my plants,” said John Fiske, “of what Linnaeus once said of the unfolding of a blossom, ‘I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship.’”

“A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot:
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.”⁴

⁴ Thomas Edward Brown.

A dear old lady lived in a single room upstairs. She was unable to get out to witness the beauties of a garden, so she kept a potted plant in her window because she said it spoke to her that God was near.

We find everywhere manifestations of the goodness of the Lord. It was David who exclaimed, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." Eliza Calvert Hall tells us that "Parson Page used to say there were some things that showed the goodness of the Lord, and some things such as strawberries and grapes and apples and peaches that showed the exceeding goodness of the Lord."

If our eyes were truly open and our hearing acute, we would exclaim with every step we take, and every delicious bite we eat, and every beautiful thing we see, "Isn't God wonderful!" Charles Kingsley in his dying hour was heard to whisper, "How beautiful God is."

William Herbert Carruth sees God in nature, in his beautiful poem, "Each in His Own Tongue":

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,

The ripe rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God."

Everywhere it is God. All we need to do is seek Him. There is nothing difficult about it. The difficulty is within ourselves when we fail to seek and to believe and to accept.

"So then believe that every bird that sings,
And every blossom that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To the pure spirit, is the word of God."

James Russell Lowell asks:

"Have you seen God in the splendors,
Heard the text that nature renders?"

William Cullen Bryant answers:

"From all around, earth and her waters,
and the depths of air,
Comes a still small voice."

Alfred Tennyson answers:

"I hear a voice speaking in the wind."

Robert Browning said:

“I saw God everywhere.”

He calls the air, “The clear dear breath of God, that loveth us.”

Samuel Coleridge as he gazed on the beauties of Mt. Blanc exclaimed, “Earth with its thousand voices praises God.”

Another poet said, “God like the wind goes breathing a dream of Himself through all.”

Wordsworth, speaking of God in nature, writes:

“A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

King David was directed to go out to listen to the sound of a going on the tops of the mulberry trees before bestirring himself to battle. Good advice for us in our day to listen to the voices of nature as we go out to the battles of life, lest it be said of us:

54 *The Call of the Upper Road*

“The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in nature that is ours.”⁵

Nature becomes to us, if we look and seek, a constant reminder of God at work in the world, of God speaking everywhere, and everywhere sending us some tokens of His love and of His presence.

“This is my Father’s world,
He shines in all that’s fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.”

Countess Von Arnhim tells us in her own words: “On the hills this morning I was walking in the sunshine. It seemed to me that I met God and He took me by the hand, and let me walk with Him, and He showed me how beautiful the world is, how beautiful the background. He has given us the splendid spacious background on which to paint large charities and loves. And I looked across the hilltops, golden, utterly peaceful, and amazement filled me in the presence of that great calm, at the

⁵ Wordsworth.

way I flutter through my days and at the noise I make."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning must have had somewhat the same experience when she said:

"Oh the little birds sang east, and the little
birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flows
around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

God interfuses Himself in all and through all. The sun millions of miles away from the earth extends itself to where we are. It becomes part of each peach and each apple and each rose, giving them each separate flavor and color and a texture all their own; so the God of the Universe comes where we are and interfuses Himself in us, giving us life and faith and love, putting within each of us a bit of the kingdom of heaven.

"There's part o' the sun in an apple,
There's part o' the moon in a rose,
There's part o' the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that grows.
Out of the vast comes nearness,

For the God whose love we sing,
Sends a little of His heaven
To every living thing.”⁶

We must seek God to find Him. We must open our hearts to receive Him. He does not force Himself upon us. Should we refuse to listen, or to seek, ours is the eternal loss. Life and all there is in it loses its true meaning if we do not see beyond things. We become like Wordsworth’s Peter Bell:

“A primrose by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning gives a striking contrast between those who seek and find, and those who do not, when she says:

“Earth’s crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes—
The rest sit round and pick blackberries.”

The “rest” fail to see God. They hear not His voice. They miss the great delights, the

⁶ Augustus Bomberger.

feasts of soul, the raptures of living, the joy of spirit, the wonderful communion, the partnership with the Eternal, the reverence and appreciation of all life and all beauty and all truth and all love that belong to those who see God in everything.

“Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of the present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.”

A critic one time gazed on Turner’s painting and said, “I never could see such colors in the sky as you paint.” Turner replied, “Don’t you wish you could? I never can begin to paint what I see!” To those who see:

“There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
That tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thine almighty power.”

God has a way of His own of revealing Himself to those who seek Him. He knows

our differences and our personal needs and meets them all in the best way suited to each of us. He gives to each seeker the revelation of Himself that the seeker needs. He does it in His own way.

Sydney Lanier one time became confused while listening to men's unreasonable interpretations about God. It was only when God in His own wonderful and easy way revealed Himself to Sydney Lanier that his soul found relief. In writing his experience he says, "I fled in tears from men's ungodly quarrel about God. I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth; then somewhat like the beating of my heart came up to me out of the ground, and I looked, and my cheek lay close by a violet, and I said:

" 'I know that thou art the voice of my God,
dear violet;
And oh, the ladder is not long that to my
heaven leads;
Measure what space a violet stands above the
ground—
'Tis no farther climbing that my soul and an-
gels have to do than that.' "

Just like God to reveal Himself in such a simple and wonderful and beautiful way. That is always His way of doing things when we go seeking Him. He becomes so precious and so wonderful when we find Him and learn to understand Him better.

He makes us conscious of His presence and love and nearness by means of the flowers at our feet, as well as He makes us conscious of His majesty and power and greatness by means of the stars in the heavens. "Daisies are the stars of the grass as the stars are the daisies of heaven, and if a man look long at the stars set out in such orderly array he may become fearful and think God far off, but if he be near he may pick a daisy and take his fill of comfortable things, for God will seem near and His voice in the daisy."

Frederick Langbridge gives the experience of a soul seeking God afar and finding Him near:

"I sought for God through star-dumb space;
Beneath the sea I made a stair,
And laid the primal forges bare;
I questioned runn and rann

And bones as old as man;
There was no sign nor beck nor trace
To lull the ache of my despair;
My lattice roses touched my face
And God was there."

"He is not far from any of us." He is here in the very midst of things that He has created and is creating daily, giving them life and fragrance and beauty. He wants this beauty to enter our souls and to become part of us. As we open the doors and the windows to let in the fresh air and the sunlight, so we may open the doors of our secret soul to take in beauty and love and life. Whittier had this idea in mind when he said:

"But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed."

In this way all that is beautiful becomes immortal. It is ours when we begin to travel the Upper Road of the Soul, and take possession of our Inheritance.

“As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.”⁷

God expects you to open your mind and soul to see and to receive the beautiful. What you see becomes part of you. Karle Wilson Baker in “New Voices” says:

“Today I have grown taller from walking with
the trees,
The seven-sister poplars, who go softly in a
line;
And I think my heart is whiter from its par-
ley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above
the pine.
The call note of a redbird from the cedars in
the dusk
Woke his happy note within me to an answer
free and fine,
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column
of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop: these
holy folk of Thine?”

Our soul’s inheritance is enriched when we go out as did William Cullen Bryant:

⁷ Whittier.

“* * * under the open sky
And list to Nature’s teaching.”

When we remain too much indoors our souls feel cramped. We miss the tonic of the trees and the grass and the sky. We feel like saying with Richard Hovey:

“I am sick of four walls and a ceiling,
I have need of the sky,
I have business with the grass.”

The Upper Road calls you to behold the beautiful in Nature, to drink the ozone of the out of doors, to expand your soul as well as your lungs, to recognize God in everything beautiful that you see, to become conscious that He is with you, and that your soul may be made beautiful and strong and calm through all that He has created. Join Henry Van Dyke in his prayer to the “God of the Open Air,” that Nature may teach you her greatest lessons of faith and calm and strength and courage, that you may be strengthened and enriched on your Upper Road journey by all that Nature teaches.

“By the faith that the wild flowers show when
they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of a river’s flow to a goal that is
hidden,
By the strength of the tree that clings to its
deep foundation,
By the courage of birds’ light wings on the
long migration.

(Wonderful Spirit of trust that abides in
Nature’s breast!)

Teach me how to confide, and live my life,
and rest!”

CHAPTER 3: *The Call of the Upper
Road Within the Soul*

“Blazing systems of sun and star
Are not as great as my people are.”

CHAPTER 3

The Call of the Upper Road Within the Soul

Nature is truly wonderful, but what would nature mean if there were no eyes to see, and no ears to hear, and no soul to appreciate and love! Nature can not take our place with God, and nothing can take the place of God within us. We are for each other to appreciate and love and enjoy. There is that within us that responds to God. There would be no meaning to life anywhere if we did not possess the wonderful soul that God has given us. There is no power but of God. There is no beauty but of God. There is no love but of God. There is no life but of God. The only thing in our lives that is significant is God in us. We may admire nature and have her soothe and rest us, but the eternally important thing is to find God and to have His peace and joy and love and fellowship within our own souls. It is well

68 *The Call of the Upper Road*

to see God in nature, but it is absolutely essential for our salvation that we find Him within ourselves. This is the greatest discovery in life. Wordsworth found this to be true when he said:

“In youth I looked to those very skies
And probing their immensities
I found God there, His Visible Power;
Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense
Of the power, an equal evidence
That His love there too, was the nobler
dower.

It were wisdom then to seek for God within our own souls and to listen for His voice speaking within. He can be found by the earnest seeker and patient listener at any time of day or night and in any place. God is easy to be found. Walt Whitman asks:

“Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
I see something of God every hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then;
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass.”

Paul says, "In Him we live and move and have our being." "One God and Father of us all who is above all and through all and in you all."

"How far from here to heaven? Not very far,
my friend;

A simple hearty step will all thy journey end.
Hold there, where runnest thou: Know heaven
is in thee,

Seekest thou for God elsewhere, His face
thou'l never see."

It is very fine to be able to go to the gardens and the waters and the mountains where nature is so calm and so beautiful and inspiring, where her many voices make it easy for us to think of God as we look and wonder and admire, but the great majority of us have to live such busy lives that we have little if any time to spend in meditation out in the open. We are busily engaged doing our part of the world's work. It is a great joy to know that we may find God at our work, and that there we may be even closer to Him than out of doors simply admiring nature.

In kitchens and offices, in factories and

mines, in the crowded street, we see not the beauty of the out-of-doors. But wherever we are, and whatever our work, no matter how crowded or how shut in we may be, we may find God there, and hold sweet communion with Him, and be comforted by the great assurance that comes to us of His presence and of His approval of work well done. Henry Van Dyke expresses this truth in “The Toiling of Felix”:

“Nevermore thou needst seek me;
I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me;
Cleave the wood and I am there.”

* * *

“This is the gospel of labor;
Ring it ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of love came down from above
To dwell with the people who work.”

Jane Taylor Wolfe has well said: “God of the Open Air is a splendid thought, but isn’t it a comfort to say, ‘And we walk together, my Lord and I,’ in the noisy cars, or among the streets and shops crowded with folks He has made?”

The very atmosphere of whatever place you are in becomes surcharged with life when you are conscious of the presence of God. It all depends on what your soul is seeking. Some one said to a business man in New York City, "Wall Street leads straight to Hell!" The business man replied, "It is true, and it leads just as straight to Heaven. It simply depends on which way one is going. I have found it as much a means of grace as some prayer meetings." It is as easy to find Christ on Wall Street as it is to find Him on the mountain top. He is in the midst of the business of the world today. This is a day when there is much business to be attended to, and it is a great comfort to know that He is right with us and is using us in the carrying out of His plans for the world. George D. Herron, speaking of Christ in our midst, said: "Christ is toiling in the world today, revealing His glory and manifesting His power inestimably more than when He traveled the Judean hills and dwelt in the Galilean city. He lives and reigns and speaks through the Holy Spirit, and is more imminent than the air we breathe. He is always coming

in the events of our lives, in the crises of time, silently as the sun's rays, secretly as the thief at night, coming in upon us unawares, inspiring our thoughts, speaking with our words, directing our deeds, thwarting our plans, and molding destinies to us unknown."

"Speak to Him then for He heareth
And spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands or feet."

"For ye are the Temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people . . . And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Jessie E. Sampter, addressing God in a psalm, said:

"They have burned to Thee many tapers in
many temples:
I burn to Thee the taper of my heart.
They have sought Thee at many altars,
They have carried light to find Thee.
I find Thee in the white fire of my heart.

They have gone forth restlessly, forging
many shapes, images where they seek
Thee, idols of deed and thought.

Thou art the fire of my deeds: Thou art the
white flame of my dreams."

Phillips Brooks wrote to one of his most intimate friends:

"All experience comes to me to be but more and more of pressure of God's life in ours . . . I cannot tell how personal this grows to be. He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world, and one wonders with delight what it will grow to be as the years go on."

Tagore, in "Songs of Kabir," says:

"O servant, where dost thou seek Me?
Lo, I am beside thee;
I am neither in temple nor in mosque;
I am neither in Kaaha nor in Kailish;
Neither am I in rites and ceremonies.
If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once
see Me;
Thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time."

Kabir replies: "O Sadhu! God is breath of all breath."

Tagore's father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, one of India's greatest spiritual leaders, once had a skeptical friend come to him and say: "You talk of God, ever and again of God! What proof is there that there is a God at all?" The Maharshi pointed to the light and asked his skeptic friend, "Do you know what that is?" "Light," was the reply. The Maharshi then asked, "How do you know that there is a light there?" The skeptic answered: "I see it; it is there and it needs no proof; it is self-evident." "So is the evidence of God," replied the Maharshi. "I see Him within me and without me, in everything and through everything, and it needs no proof; it is self-evident."

Robert Browning testifies to the same truth when he says:

"I know that He is there as I am here,
By the same proof, which means no proof
at all,
It so exceeds familiar forms of proof."

"Tis we who doubt. 'Tis we who wander away from God, not God from us. We neglect the Spirit within us. We become pre-

occupied with the things that gratify our senses. Lady Henry Somerset of England in her younger days allowed herself to be carried away with frivolous society until it occupied all of her thought and attention. After a time she became weary of thus frivoling away her thoughts, her time, and her energy. Her soul felt hungry and starved. She became dissatisfied with herself. One day she went out into her beautiful garden to think things out alone.

There is always hope for an individual who stops to do some serious thinking about life. One of the requirements of real life is that one must stop to think in order to advance. We should be able every day to give a satisfactory answer to our inner selves in regard to our conduct of life. Every day, with its new problems and its new opportunities, we should stop to ask ourselves what is best for each particular day and why. Too few stop long enough to do real constructive thinking in these rushing but momentous days. We would get farther if we stopped to think and listen, if we stopped to pray and plan, if we stopped to grow and give. Samuel M. Crothers says, "The world is full of creatures that are doing things without ask-

ing why. You can't educate a grasshopper. He is too busy hopping. The peculiarity of man is, you can induce him to stop and think."

They say that we moderns travel faster than our ancestors, but where are we going? Some one else makes the statement that it matters not how fast we run if we are going in the wrong direction. According to a Russian proverb, "It is better to turn back than to lose one's way." Without God we get nowhere.

The day that Lady Henry Somerset went out into her garden and sat under an elm tree to think was a memorable day in her life. She had gotten farther than she had in many years. She listened to the voice within her own soul on that day, and her soul heard some very plain talking. She became very much ashamed of her conduct, dissatisfied with the wasteful life she had been living, disappointed with herself for having yielded to the doing of things that did not help herself or others, acknowledged her weakness in giving way to momentary pleasures, and losing sight of the great plan and purpose of life, and failing to help out in the great work that needed to be done.

The old life had such a hold on her that she

wondered if she could get away from the kind of life she had been living—if she could change the road she was on for a better one. She had traveled the old road so long, and was linked up in it in so many ways that the change would be very difficult. Her friends were on that road, and what would they think? Her manner of life conformed to the rules of action of that road. She really wanted to change, but how could she? These were the thoughts that ran through her mind. She sought God, but as she sought she doubted, but while she doubted she still sought the God of the Upper Road, and she did not have long to seek. No sooner had she repented of her old ways of living, and felt her utter need of Him and wanted to find Him more than anything else in the world, than she heard a voice say most earnestly, most sweetly and most assuringly :

“ACT AS IF I WERE AND THOU SHALT KNOW THAT I AM.”

Out under the blue sky, in the stillness of the garden, in the atmosphere of His roses, her soul stirred by the Spirit of God as the leaves of the tree under which she sat were stirred by the gentle breeze, she entered quietly, peace-

fully, she knew not how, onto the Upper Road, into a newness of life, a life of loftiest purpose and divine fellowship. She surrendered herself to the God of her soul, to Jesus Christ her Redeemer, and to the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

“ * * * a soul sublime
And the great pregnant hour of time
With God Himself to bind the twain.”

She went from her garden to her room where she would not be interrupted. There she sat down and read the whole Gospel of St. John, that wonderful little Gospel that tells all one needs to know about the Way of Life. She went to sleep that night happy in the new experience that came to her that day. The next morning she awoke to find a world that seemed all new to her because of her great vision of life, and her own determination, with God's help, to go forth to make life better for herself and others.

She related her experience and her decisions to her friends. With the confession came new strength. She began right away to study the

wonderful Little Book that God has given us and through which He speaks to us by the Holy Spirit. She held Bible readings with the tenants on her estate, and also with the colliers in the mines. As she studied and moved among her people they became more precious and more wonderful to her. She forgot their poverty and felt that many of them were far richer than herself in the things that really count in life. Through them she learned to look differently on all people everywhere. She had a great desire to help as many as she could to know the blessings of the Upper Road. The story of her life is one of marvelous achievements. She and Frances Willard became international figures in the cause of temperance. She had helped many who had lost their way to find God as she had found Him. To herself came greater joy as she witnessed the transformation of the lives of men and women that came with the changing of the road, and the reading of THE BOOK.

These Upper Road experiences never come to travelers on other roads. Poor starved souls, they know not what they miss, yet they could have by just seeking and asking.

“God is not dumb that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And findest not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends
Intent on manna still, and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thunder lore.”¹

Lady Somerset sought and found her Sinai. She lived in newness of life. She never could have accomplished what she did had she not listened to the Voice. No other road could have done for her what the Upper Road has done. It brought out the best there was in her. It led her to pass her best on to others. It changed her course in life from one of “fashionable society to one of consecrated philanthropy.”

Horace Bushnell in his youth was carried away by the lures of other roads, and he listened not for God's voice. He had even gone so far as to say that he did not believe there

¹ Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

was a God. The road he was then on filled his mind with doubts about God. One day an earnest young minister pleaded with him to change his way and seek God. He asked him to pray, but Horace Bushnell refused and said he couldn't pray because he didn't believe in God. The young minister then asked him if, after he went to his room where he could be alone, he would begin by saying, "Oh God, if there is a God . . ." Horace Bushnell agreed to this. Several days later the young minister had the great joy of hearing Horace Bushnell testify before a large congregation his belief in the presence and the power of God. He left the old road he had been traveling to become a great preacher of the Upper Road.

"Who goes a step toward God with doubtings
dim,
In glorious light God comes a mile toward
him."

Finding God does not depend on belief or on feeling, but on accepting.

D. L. Moody tells of a conversation he had with a man in England. "Are you a Christian?" Mr. Moody asked the man, and he

replied, "No, but I wish I were." Mr. Moody quoted verses from the Bible and when he was through the young man said they did not fit his case." "The fact is, I cannot feel that I am saved." Mr. Moody replied, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or the ark?" The man replied, "Good night, Mr. Moody, it's all settled." The young man accepted.

Mary Roberts Rinehart says:

"I am not disturbed when, as happens to most young men, there comes a time when out of the confusion of creeds, opinions and dogmas, there emerges the temporary self-sufficiency of youth. I am not as much disturbed as I might be even when doubts creep in, and religion, so-called, goes temporarily out of the window.

"I have never known a worth-while man who has not had these doubts and these spiritual lapses. But I am not disturbed because I know this: sooner or later every man needs God. The stronger and more male the man, the surer he is to need Him, and to need Him is to find Him." ²

² *Assn. Men.* June, 1923.

And when found to be able to say:

“Thou art the life within me,
O Jesus, king of kings;
Thou art Thyself the answer
To all my questionings.”

The ear may hear many things, but it will never be satisfied until it hears God’s voice. The eye may see many things, but it will not be satisfied with anything less than the soul vision of Him. The heart is filled with longings and will not rest until He enters. Life is hollow until we find God and accept Him.

The dissatisfactions of life are all for a purpose. The longing and yearning for something better and higher is a sure indication that there is a God that can satisfy. “Our souls are restless till they rest in Thee.” Edwin H. Chapin said, “If you could take the human heart and listen to it, it would be like listening to a seashell; you would hear in it the hollow murmur of the infinite ocean to which it belongs, from which it draws its profoundest inspiration and for which it yearns.”

Mary Carolyn Davies writes:

“When the sun shines in the street
There are very many feet
Seeking God, still unaware
That their seeking is a prayer.
Perhaps those feet would think it odd
(Who think they are on business bent)
If some one went
And told them, ‘You are seeking God.’ ”

St. Augustine said, “I desire to know God and the soul! Nothing else! Nothing else!” Robert Browning asks:

“What is it that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God, let me for once look on Thee
As though naught else existed, we alone.”

Maxwell Struthers Burt says:

“Straying we have a little lost our way,
Nor see as yet the darkness folding in;
Aye—for in the end, sore and torn and
bruised we,
Like long-lost children, will return to Thee;
Like coast-born children, weary for the sea.”

No mere statement about God, no mere belief as to what we think about Him can satisfy the

soul. We must know God. We must find Him for ourselves. We must accept Him. He must become the most real, the most necessary, the most conscious Presence in our lives.

“Though Christ in Joseph’s town
A thousand times be born,
Till He is born in thee
Thy soul is most forlorn.”

God is the only answer to our soul’s longing. “God does not put in the wild geese the instinct to go South without a South to go to. He did not inspire Columbus to sail without a San Salvador on hand to land.”

When God made sound He gave us the ear. When He made things beautiful He gave us the eye. When He made knowledge He gave us the mind. When He gave us immortal souls He gave us Himself. He tells us that our body is the temple of His Holy Spirit. “Know ye not that your body is the temple of God?” Inside this wonderful temple we may hold sweet communion with Him. We may worship and adore Him. No one but Himself sees inside this wonderful temple of ours. No outsider

knows what sacred rites are taking place inside. No one can come as near us, or understand us as well, or love us as much as God. No one else knows the real longings and the struggles and the transformations going on within. Some day we shall emerge from our temple and "know as we are known."

"In the dawning of the morning of that bright
and happy day,
We shall know each other better when the
mists have rolled away."

This soul of ours that is so much misunderstood here shall some day come to its own, and the beautiful inner colorings and tints and shades and exquisite designs shall be in keeping with itself, a thing of perfection, for "we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is;" and "everyone who hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." The most wonderful, the most important, the most intricate, the most impressionable, the most powerful, the only everlasting thing about us is our soul. Fannie Stearns Davis, writing on "Souls," said:

“My soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
Scarlet and gold and blue,
And at her shoulder sudden wings
Like long flames flicker through.

“And she is swallow fleet and free
From mortal bonds and bars,
She laughs, because Eternity
Blossoms for her with stars!

“O folk who scorn my stiff, gray gown,
My dull and foolish face,
Can you not see my Soul flash down,
A singing flame through space?

“And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate,
Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate,
Shining and swift, as mine?”

It is to this life of wondrous inner beauty and harmony and peace that the Upper Road calls you. Various are the ways in which you may hear God speaking within your soul. Various are the ways by which you may find Him. To some He comes in one way and to some in another, but He never fails to speak.

He never fails to come, and none need ever fail to find Him.

“God speaks to hearts of men in many ways:
Some the red banner of the rising sun
Spread o'er the snowclad hills has taught His
praise,

Some the sweet silence when the day is done;
Some after loveless lives at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's
gaze.

And some have found Him where low rafters
ring

To greet the hand that helps, the heart that
cheers;

And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years;
And some not less are His, who vainly sought
His voice, and with His silence have been
taught—

Who bear His chain who bade them to be
bound

And at the end 'n finding not, have found.”³

The main thing in life is to have found Him,
to have accepted the Call of the Upper Road.

³ Frederick F. Shannon.

Every day if you listen you may become conscious of the Call of the Upper Road within your own soul. God enters daily into your private life. The very air you breathe He gives you; the breath of life within you is a gift from Him. The longings within your soul is His Holy Spirit stirring you that you may accept Him, and thus find peace and satisfaction. You can satisfy your soul only by listening to the Call of the Upper Road, and accepting God and communing with Him, and entering into partnership with Him, and living a life acceptable unto Him. Then at the end of the Road of Life here you will enter into a larger life when the soul comes to its own—a life of blessedness and satisfaction and perfection and joy unspeakable through all eternity.

CHAPTER 4: *The Miracle of Will on
the Upper Road*

“This main miracle that I am I
With power on mine own act and on the
world.”

“To know the will of God is the greatest
knowledge;
To suffer the will of God is the greatest
heroism;
To do the will of God is the greatest achieve-
ment.”

—DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

CHAPTER 4

The Miracle of Will on the Upper Road

“To every one there openeth
A way and ways and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between on the misty flats
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.”

—JOHN OXENHAM.

No road is forced upon you. You travel whatever road you are on because you willed so to do. Your will is yourself in action. Your will is your soul exercising self direction. Your will, your own free will, makes you responsible for whatever you choose and holds you accountable all through life for that which

you choose to do. Your will is a wonderful divine gift. You will yourself to be whatever you are. By exercising your will aright you can accomplish great things, overcome great difficulties within and without. "All that life needs for life," says Tennyson, "is possible to will." If you exercise your will aright, you need never feel sorry for yourself, nor consider yourself a creature of circumstances, or of heredity, or of environment. Your will can carry you beyond any difficulties you may encounter on the way. Your will enables you to master disadvantages and make them serve as ladders by which you can rise to loftier heights, and to the experience of greater joys, and to the accomplishment of greater service. "You must know, my daughter," says St. Theresa, "that there is no supernatural act but depends on our will; and that therefore we can do it, with that ordinary assistance of God which we need for all our acts and even for our good thoughts."

The attitude of your will is the controlling factor in your life. It is not the place, nor the circumstances, nor the environment, nor the family into which you were born that decides

your career, but it is you and your will. Nothing can harm or weaken the will but the will itself. If you cultivate your will power aright, your life will be a success.

“This main miracle that I am I
With power on mine own act and on the
world.”

In the same family, members think differently, choose differently all through life, although they have had the same parents, the same environments and the same advantages, and the same religious training. Each chooses for himself the way his soul shall go.

“So, from the heights of will
Life’s parting stream descends;
And, as a moment turns, its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.

From the same cradle side—
From the same mother’s knee—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea.”¹

An English girl one day related an incident that led her to choose the best road. She said,

¹ Oliver Wendell Holmes.

“When I was a child I faced many difficulties that seemed insurmountable. I saw no way of bettering myself. I found myself ready to drift. I had a friend in the neighborhood who was always interested in young people. This friend knew I was discouraged and said to me, ‘You need not be discouraged. Exercise your will power and you will come out all right. You can become a power and do worth-while things if you really want to. It all depends on your will power.’ He then had me commit to memory the following lines from Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I have repeated them so many times I shall never forget them:

“ ‘The human will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew the way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.’ ”

“In that case,” said my friend, “I really felt that walls of granite did intervene and that my case was most difficult. I willed, however, to do my best, to forge ahead, to study, to work, to pray, and daily choose the best. It was the turning point in my life. As soon as I deliberately chose the better way my thoughts

and my life were changed daily as by a miracle. Healing and restorative forces began their work within me. I lived to hew through my walls of granite. I reached the goal I sought, and there found still better goals ahead to keep me ever striving." This friend became a power for good and was instrumental in helping many others overcome their difficulties.

There is nothing you cannot overcome if you really think you can, and keep persistently after the thing you desire. What Kant said is true, "All that ought to be done can be done."

Napoleon had strong will power. At one time he had his engineer report to him on the dangerous passes in the Alps. The engineer after examining them brought back the word, "It will be impossible to take the artillery across." Napoleon replied, "There shall be no Alps. Impossible is found only in the dictionary of fools." Across the Alps they went.

Mirabeau had a like disrespect for the word "impossible," for he said "Impossible is a blockhead of a word."

To him who wills to do God's will and to carry out His plans nothing is impossible. With God nothing is impossible. There is no

power but of God and we succeed only in so far as our will is in harmony with the divine will.

“Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can’t tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible
Doing what nobody ever could do.”

These were the lines that were written about the Panama Canal when people, without faith, said that it could not be dug. When you will to do a thing and get so far as to take pick and shovel and get after it, you will find that the obstacle will begin to disappear, and in time there will be clear sailing.

If your will is in harmony with God’s will you can overcome any obstacle, remove any mountain, dig through any canal, cross any Alps, hew through any wall of granite, tackle any proposition and come out victorious. If God wants a thing done and appoints you to do it, nothing can stand in the way of your accomplishing it if you do your part.

“A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,

To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.”²

It is the person with the strong will and the right cause that accomplishes, and is able to overcome the material. Such persons choose the Upper Road and hold the key to the secrets that enable them to overcome. They have the victory within themselves. They forge ahead and do not fear. “As the eagle that lives in the upper air does not worry as to how it is to cross rivers,” so they are not troubled as to how they are going to overcome things here below. They proceed as though there were no obstacles in their way and they succeed. They are able to say with Charlotte P. Gilman,

“I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair;
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air,
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn’t there.”

² Percy MacKaye.

He isn't there. He never is, if we do not take him too seriously. He has a way of dissolving as we approach. Our greatest obstacles are within ourselves and are usually created by our own fears and our lack of will power.

The enemies of John Bunyan shut him up in Bedford jail thinking they could keep him within bounds. They did not know what was within the man whom they imprisoned. To John Bunyan, prison walls were no obstacle. He was greater than prison walls. His prison cell became to him a place of quiet where he had time to himself in which to think and write. Instead of his influence being limited it was extended to all time and to all people by his writing one of the greatest allegories in all history. His seeming hindrance became his greatest opportunity.

"My prison walls cannot control
The flight and freedom of my soul."

Fannie Crosby became blind when she was six months old. Her darkness was greater than prison, but that did not hinder Fannie Crosby from doing a great service in life. It did not stop her from becoming a power for

good and sending out a helpful message for all time. The real Fanny Crosby was inside. She was an Upper Road traveler with a soul and a will. She hewed through her walls of granite and she scaled her Alps. She was bigger than any affliction that came to her. When very young she began to exercise her will power. At eight years of age she wrote:

“O what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be;
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don’t!
To weep and sigh because I’m blind,
I cannot and I won’t.”

Fannie Crosby became one of the greatest of hymn writers, and she has passed on three thousand hymns that are being sung through the ages, giving joy and comfort to all who sing them. Who have not felt the thrill of joy in the words of one of her hymns as they sang:

“Blessed assurance Jesus is mine,
O what a foretaste of glory divine!

Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood.

This is my story, this is my song;
Praising my Saviour all the day long."

If John Bunyan in prison could pass on to others his wonderful message in Pilgrim Progress, and if Fannie Crosby in her blindness could pass on three thousand hymns, what can you with all your present day advantages, and all your faculties, pass on to others during your lifetime?

"There is no thing that you cannot overcome;
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life
forlorn.

Back of thy parents and thy grandparents
Lies the Great Eternal Will: That too is thine
Inheritance; strong, beautiful, divine,
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Earth hath no claim the soul cannot attest;
Know thyself part of the Eternal Source;
Naught can stand before thy spirit's force;
The soul's divine Inheritance is best."

Some one said, “God struck Milton blind that he might write his greatest masterpiece.”

Parcel, the great mathematician and novelist, we are told, turned his ill health into a means of spiritual perfection. God knows and sends or permits what is best. We, with our limited vision, do not always see this, but in the end we may be able to say with Tennyson:

“I have lived; seen God’s hand through a life-time,
And all was for the best.”

Our seeming obstacles and our troubles are only blessings in disguise. Some people get the foolish notion that God is not with them when things go against them. God wants us to be greater than things. Unless we are, we fail. “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.”

“I learn as the years roll onward
And leave the past behind,
That much I had counted sorrow
But proves that our God is kind;

That many a flower I longed for
Had a hidden thorn of pain;
And many a ragged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain."

William Ernest Henley, we are told, saw all his cherished plans go down in defeat because of a bodily disease. His power of will was wonderful. He never complained but ever arose above his sufferings. He writes:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

* * * * *

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the Master of my fate;
I am the Captain of my soul."

Harriet Beecher Stowe said, "Nobody's case is desperate whose will is not at fault. When I hear people say that circumstances are against them, I always retort 'Your will is not with you.' I believe in the will. I have faith in it."

Louise M. Alcott seemingly had reason to

believe that circumstances were against her. Her family was heavily in debt. She, herself, was subject to very severe headaches and she lived a rather obscure life. When a child she went out one day and sat on the hub of an old ox cart and there made up her mind that she was going to amount to something in life. She made the following resolution:

“I will do something by and by. I’ll sew, act, write, do anything to help the family, and I’ll be rich, famous and happy before I die: see if I don’t.”

When she first thought of becoming a writer, her father handed her a manuscript that had been rejected by James F. Field, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, with the message: “Tell Louise to stick to her teaching. She can never succeed as a writer.” Louise said to her father: “Tell him I will succeed as a writer, and some day I shall write for the Atlantic Monthly.” Later on she wrote in her diary, “Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty that is done. My debts are all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable.” This is what happens when we

“Wake the strong divinity of soul that conquers chance and fate.”

Harriet Beecher Stowe was busy at work in her kitchen one morning when she received a letter from her sister in which she said, “Now Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make the whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is.” Her best self within her responded and she said, “I will write something. I will if I live.” The fact that she was busy with her household duties and her outside interests did not matter. She went on the principle that “if a thing ought to be done it can be done.” She believed that “where there’s a will there’s a way.” She thought while she worked and wrote down ideas as they came to her, and strange to say, the faster ideas came the lighter seemed her work. The more she gave expression to her thoughts, the more thoughts she had to give. The result was “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” a book tingling with the idea of human rights; a book that was instrumental in doing the very thing that Harriet Beecher Stowe’s sister said it would.

We find all through history that the men

and women who accomplished the most were not those who had the best of everything, who held the highest positions, who had the largest bank accounts, who had the greatest advantages and opportunities, but they whose wills were in harmony with God and His will. They were those who daily overcame, and who unselfishly gave of their best thought and effort. They were those who "fought a good fight and came out more than conquerors through Him that loved them."

Whether it be your lot to find many difficulties and much to overcome on the road, or whether you find many pleasant paths and joys, you will be successful only as you will to aspire to the highest thinking and acting and the passing on of the best you have to others. You must be persistent in so living that the Spirit may abide within you and work through you. God can work in you only as you yield willingly to the divine promptings within you. These inner promptings have to do with all the details of your life. The Spirit within you helps you to do away with everything in your life that hinders you from doing the will of God.

When you surrender your will to God and

His Holy Spirit takes possession of you, something eternally worth while happens. By His grace you enter into a new life and you become a member of God's family. "I will put my Spirit in you and ye shall become my sons and daughters saith the Lord of Hosts." You are born into the spiritual kingdom.

Being born of the Spirit is called the Second Birth. It differs from your first birth, for when you came into this world you had nothing to say about it. You had nothing to do with your coming here. You had no choice. You knew nothing about it until you were here for some time.

Not so with the Second Birth. You must choose to be born again. The Second Birth is not thrust upon you against your will or without your knowledge. It is a life granted to those who want it and who will to abide in it. It is a gift from God. Being born of the Spirit is something that you cannot explain. The Spirit dwells in you and prompts you and uses you. It takes possession of you. It is so real, so powerful, so vital and yet so elusive that it is beyond explanation.

One time Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews,

came to Jesus by night, and during the conversation he asked Jesus what it meant to be born again. The Master replied by way of illustration: "The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof but thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth—so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

You can tell something of the workings of the Spirit by the way you overcome temptation, by the way you daily live, by the influence you exert. You live in newness of life. You have new desires, new impulses, new visions, and an appreciation of the things that are eternal.

The Master in speaking to the woman at the well made clear the results that come from being born again, when He said: "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give shall never thirst, for the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." And thus spake He of the Spirit which He promised to all those that believe in His name.

You may know you have His Spirit dwelling in you if you have constantly springing up within you good desires, bits of prayer, psalms

and hymns, and spiritual songs, thoughts that lead to kind deeds, and the surrender of your will to Him.

“Our wills are ours, we know not how
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.”

It takes will power to live the life of the Spirit. It takes will power to keep out sinful thoughts, motives and practices. It takes will power to keep ourselves supplied with best thoughts and desires. By the help of the indwelling Spirit it can be done. Paul says, “The law of the spirit of life hath made me free from the law of sin and death.”

S. M. Shoemaker, Jr., says: “It takes will power to accept a life principle as exacting as that of the Gospel and to make its truths an experience instead of an intellectual conviction of which we approve, or with which we are in sympathy”. . . . “It takes will power to stay clear of the things in your life that you ought not to indulge in and to constantly be ready and able to replace them with what is right.”

It takes will power to change your course in life and to turn about face, but with God’s help it can be done.

This change in the direction of your life is called Conversion. William James speaking of conversion says: "It is the process, gradual or sudden, by which a self, hitherto divided and consciously wrong, inferior and unhappy, becomes unified, consciously right, superior and happy." Harold Bibgie tells us: "Conversion is the only means by which a radically bad person can be changed to a radically good person."

Shoemaker says: "Surrender of the whole self to God means the deliberate dedication by deliberate act of will of one's entire personality to doing the will of God so far as we can discover it."

You cannot make yourself spiritual, however, by act of will. "By grace are ye saved and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works lest any man should boast."

"Go deeper. Let Christ come behind the doors
And change thy nature, have thine innermost
heart,

And then with all His consummate art,
Remake thyself! and lo! these lesser things
Shall flow as gracious rivers from pure
springs."

'Tis the men and women who surrendered their wills to God that have accomplished worthwhile things in life, that transformed deserts into gardens, that replaced ignorance with knowledge, that changed false values to true. It was a surrendered will that changed Paul of Tarsus, a persecutor of the Christians, to become one of the most ardent and faithful followers of the Christ.

Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of Paul's conversion, said: "He was a man of immense conscience, immense pride, and immense combativeness. He was converted. His conscience did not diminish, his pride did not shrink, his combativeness did not flow out. All those great elements remained in him. Before he was converted, his conscience worked with malign feelings. Afterwards his conscience worked with benevolent feelings. Before he was converted, his pride worked for selfishness. After he was converted his pride worked for benevolence. Before he was converted, his combativeness worked for cruelty. After he was converted it worked for zeal."

It was a surrendered will that made a man

out of Jerry MacAuley and changed him from a drunkard and a debauch to become a great missionary in the slums of the city, and led him to establish the first Rescue Mission for the "Down and Outs." His continued surrendered will and the Spirit within him freed him from the "blinding paralyzing power of sin." He knew from experience the meaning of the hymn:

"Yield not to temptation for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you
through."

Surrender of will does not mean freedom from conflict. It does not mean less of the exercise of one's will. It means the same will power acting along a higher plane. It calls at times for all the exercise of will that we possess, but with the will linked up with God there cometh the victory.

"Yet one there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free."

“So came a Power to set up again all the standards that were destroyed. . . . The change sweeps through the whole life. Ideals and ideas are all rearranged; the course of thought is depleted to wholesome things and right conduct becomes a matter of prime interest. . . . Such overturnings are miraculous achievements.”

Samuel Hadley, a persistent liar and drunkard, a forger and a thief, became converted through the influence of Jerry MacCauley. By the grace of God we are told that he became a changed man and in a period measured in weeks he had broken with every false habit of his life. He fully surrendered his will to God.

“It is will alone that matters,
Will alone that makes or breaks,
Will that no distraction shatters
And that no resistance shakes.”

Conversion is very simple. Our experiences differ and our interpretation of conversion may vary. Harry Emerson Fosdick in “Christianity and Progress” says: “Ask Peter what it is and, as he looks back upon his benighted condition, he cries that it is like coming out of darkness

into a marvelous light. Ask Paul what it is and, with his love of superlative figures, he cries that it is like being dead and being raised again with a great resurrection. Ask John what it is and, with his mystical spirit, he says that it is being born again."

The surrender of your will to God is the greatest act in life. "To know the will of God is the greatest knowledge; to suffer the will of God is the greatest heroism; to do the will of God is the greatest achievement."

There is at this time and in this place no act of will of greater importance than your making the following prayer your own:

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this day my gift for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine: a thing that seemeth small;
And only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand
That when I yield Thee this, I yield Thee all.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with
sighs,
Clenched in my clasp, till beauty it hath none.

Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished
lies,

The prayer ascendeth: 'Let Thy will be done.'
Take it O Father, e'er my courage fail,
And blend it so with Thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cry prevail,
And Thou giv'st back my gift, it may have
been

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know, nor feel it as my own,
But gaining back my will may find it Thine!"

CHAPTER 5: *The Upper Road Means
Climbing*

“Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day’s journey take the whole long
day?
From morn to night, my friend.”

CHAPTER 5

The Upper Road Means Climbing

“My road through life is rough at times,
With hills that dip and rise,
But this all helps my character—
It needs the exercise.”

—R. McCANN.

The Upper Road calls forth daily the best there is in you. It is not a road of ease. It is a road of struggle and of growth and of service. It is a road of action, of constant climbing, and every day arriving a bit ahead of where you were yesterday. It is a fight against everything that tends to keep you down, or that leaves you below par. At the same time it is a road of great satisfactions, and of power, and of accomplishments. It offers you the biggest challenge in life. The greatest thing you can aspire to be is a strong red-blooded Upper Road traveler.

As soon as you begin to climb the Upper

Road the possibilities within you begin to stir, your soul begins to experience its freedom. Growth and strength and new aspirations begin within you the very moment you start, and increase gradually as you go on. At first you will not be conscious of any growth. It is not easily detected any more than is the growth of the seed when it is first planted in the ground. As days and nights go by the change becomes noticeable.

Strength comes with the climbing. Greater vision is yours as you ascend. Your hearing becomes keener. The soul becomes freer. Your ideals of life become higher. You see life in a new light. You find in life a great beautiful design, and all the harmonies and beauties and unselfish acts of life fit together to make perfect the plan of the whole. The disconnections and discords of life disappear, and everything in life becomes significant when you climb high enough to see. Every step upward is a part of the ultimate purpose. Every right idea fits into it. Every dream of the climber becomes the realization of some accomplishment. All things work together toward one great end.

You will find that they who climbed the Upper Road in the past were individuals whose daily work and daily dreams and daily resolutions and daily endeavors were in perfect harmony with the promotion of some definite part of the Great Eternal Plan. They kept on climbing and halted not because of difficulties on the way. They were full of faith and kept bending their every energy in the direction of the goal they sought.

Mary Lyon, founder of the first college for women, was one of these. When a girl in school, her seatmate asked her, "How is it that the harder a thing is the more you seem to like it, Mary?" Mary Lyon replied, "Oh, it's lots more fun climbing than just going along on the level—you feel so much more alive. I'll tell you what to do when things seem hard like a steep hill. Just say to yourself, 'Some people may call you Difficulty, old hill, but I know that your name is Opportunity. You're here just to prove that I can do something worth while.' There is real joy in climbing; besides the sun stays longer on the summit, and beyond the hilltops is a larger, brighter world."

All through her life we find Mary Lyon

climbing and doing worth-while things. One day while she was peeling potatoes in her brother's kitchen, the idea of a college for women came to her. There were no colleges for women in her day, and she became possessed with the idea that women ought to be educated as well as men. She believed that every woman should have the chance to make life the very best possible. She thought with Tennyson:

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

They must grow and work and climb together to reach the heights to which they are each called. Mary Lyon felt that some one ought to champion their cause. Why couldn't she? Championing women's cause in her day meant some very difficult climbing. There were no well beaten paths of thought in that direction. She decided to go ahead and make the path. Nothing daunted her. Difficulties began to lose their substance as she came in contact with them. Her enthusiasm inspired faith. She raised the money and became the founder of the first college for women.

This college for women in Mt. Holyoke,

Massachusetts, is part of the present great system of education, the beginning of better opportunities for women the world over. The doors of many colleges of all kinds are now open to women.

The wonderful and inspiring thought about climbing the Upper Road is the fact that no matter how big an idea you may have, no matter how far your vision may extend, there are still higher heights, there are still greater undreamed of visions and possibilities beyond awaiting their time for realization. Every pioneer worker, every sincere climber is paving the way for better things to follow; if not in their own day, in that of others.

“What matter I or they? Mine or another’s day,
So the right word be said and life the sweeter made.”

Mary Lyon found her reward in the climbing, and in the knowledge that she was helping bring better things to others. Nothing could stop her in her upward climb. Her mother once said to a neighbor, “Mary will not give up. She just walks the floor and says over and

over again, ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass. Women must be educated—they must be.’”

This little incident in Mary Lyon’s life lets us into the secret of her accomplishments. Her work was a part of God’s great plan and is bound to grow to more and more. What educated men and women, who are in harmony with God, are going to dream and accomplish together in this old world, will surpass anything that has ever been in its history. So far they have made only a small beginning in their climb together. When men and women are free and rise together all over the world, it will be worth while living just to see what will happen next.

“We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime.”

Alice Freeman Palmer lived in the days when the majority of people did not consider it at all important that women should go to college. Alice was hungry for the best that life had to offer. She wanted her mind as well as her body and her soul to have more growth and greater

freedom, in order that she might give expression daily to the best she had within her.

She told her father one day that she wanted to go to college. He was greatly surprised, for she had everything at home that he thought her heart could wish, and he replied: "My daughter, a little more Latin and mathematics won't make you a better home-maker. Why should you set your heart on this thing?" Alice answering him said, "I must go, Father. It is not a sudden notion. I have realized for a long time that I cannot live my life, the life I have it in me to live, without this training. I want to be a teacher, just as you want to be a doctor."

Her father consented and she went to college. She later became president of Wellesley College, where she touched thousands of young lives with her radiant personality and her big view of life and inspired them to better living. One of the girls said of her, "She had a way of making you feel all dipped in sunshine." Another of her students said, "She seemed to care for each of us, to find each as interesting and worth while as if there were no other person in the world." A Wellesley woman said

of her, "She had the life-giving power of a true creator, one who can entertain a vision of the ideal, and then work patiently bit by bit to carve it in the marble real. She built the Wellesley we all know and love, making it practical, constructive, fine, generous, human, spiritual."

Alice Freeman Palmer's life was short in years but long in influence. While she lived here she was ever climbing, every day choosing the best, every day thinking the best, and every day giving of her best. Her influence continues long after she has gone.

"Out of sight sinks the stone in the deep sea of time,

But the circle sweeps on, till the low rippled murmurs along the shore run

And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun."

The Upper Road means climbing, striving, reaching up to the light, to our becoming something higher and better. It is going on from where we are to something better beyond. There is no standing still on the Upper Road. A. S. M. Hutchinson says, "Life's got one. We're in the thing. You can't go back one

single second. What you've done you've done. It may take only a minute in the doing, or in the saying, but it's done, or said, for all your life, perhaps for the whole of some one else's life as well. There's just one way we can get life and that's by thinking forward before we do a thing; by remembering that it's going to be for always."

When we are through climbing here there will be still greater heights for us to climb, ever climbing to something better beyond; the soul reaching out for greater glories and for richer experiences. It is great to be on the Upper Road where, in time, the soul will be free and all our hungers and our longings satisfied.

"I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be my fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great."

You can start climbing the heights now. The heights always start from where you are. All you need do is step up. Whether you climb or not depends on your own inner desires, your quality of thought, and your will.

If you climb the heights, you and your soul can make any place great. Whether you are in the school room or in business or in the home, you may climb and be at your best wherever you are. Lydia Marie Childe said, "There is no power on earth can prevent my soul from holding converse with the angels, even though with my hands I feed the pigs."

It isn't what you do with your hands that makes you. It is what you do with your thoughts. When you think your best you are bound to be and to do your best. The place you are in will make no difference to you. A woman one time lived in a little shack thirteen feet by nine. She kept this shack most clean and attractive. She prepared the best meals and created the most happy atmosphere for the family. She extended her help and her sunshine out into the neighborhood. So popular was she in the community because of her helpful life that she was called the "Priestess." When she learned of it she said:

"I, a Priestess! Ah I would
The gift and grace were mine,
To be the Priestess that I should
In a house thirteen by nine."

It wasn't the size of her shack but the size of her soul that gave significance to her life. It wasn't the little space inside, but what went out from it that counted so tremendously.

Frances E. Willard, when a little girl, moved with her family from Oberlin, Ohio, where she often played on the College Campus, to a farm in Wisconsin. The new home was very quiet and far away from everything and everybody, but Frances decided to make the best of it. In her early diary we find the following resolution: "I shall spend my coming years in being somebody and in doing something for somebody." She did a great deal of thinking all to herself when she was alone on the farm. Her thinking was of a high order. She believed that one could grow mentally and spiritually wherever one were. She believed that growth and wisdom and vision and high resolve had to start from within and work out. Anything that is really alive and acting and growing within is bound to get out.

Frances Willard's early resolution "to be somebody" led her to "doing something for somebody." It did not matter to her whether she was on the college campus at Oberlin or

away out on the prairies of Wisconsin: what mattered was herself and not the place. She said to her sister one day, "If we do live inland, we do not have to think inland. What's the use of sitting here in Wisconsin and sighing because we've never seen the ocean? Let's take this hen coop and go a-sailing. Who knows what magic shores we'll touch beyond our sea of Fancy?" On her eighteenth birthday she wrote:

"The clock has struck!

Oh! Heaven and earth, I am free,
And here, beneath the watching stars, I feel
New inspiration breathing from afar,
And resting on my spirit as it ne'er
Could rest before, comes joy profound,
And now I feel that I'm alone and free
To worship and obey Jehovah only."

She kept on climbing in thought and ideas and service for others. Like Lady Henry Somerset she became known internationally because of her work. As a recognition of what she had done for the cause of temperance her statue stands today at the National Capitol.

We cannot stay where we are in thought and

ideas and quality of service and do much climbing. It is much easier to stay where we are comfortable than it is to get out and hustle. The things about us are very enticing and make us loath to leave them.

“The little Road says—Go,
The little House says—Stay,
And oh it’s bonnie here at home,
But I must go away.”

Alice Freeman heard the call of the Little Road and went away to teach. Frances Willard heard the call of the Road and went away to sacrifice for the cause of temperance. The little Road leads out from a life of ease to a life of responsibility and service for others.

It does not always mean that you have to go away from home to take the Little Road that says GO, but it is necessary to get out of one’s little self that says—Stay where you are. Instead of listening to the Little Road that says—Go, get out of yourself! Go on into a better life! Go on to do better service! Go on to catch the world vision that the Master wants you to have when He says, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.” Go, by giving

of your means so others can go, if you cannot. You can do your part of the going wherever you are. The world is divided into communities, so all have a chance to go and have a part in the world's work. They may preach the gospel of the better life wherever they are.

It is a kindness to be stirred out of our places of ease, places where we are not urged to exert ourselves, out to a life of struggle and earnest thinking, out where things may not be to our liking and our choosing, out where we have to hustle that we may get sometime where our highest and best desires call us, to places ahead for which the present struggle fits us.

It takes much time and great patience to make this journey of life. There is no sudden ascent. The whole march is gradual. We go step by step and day by day. We cannot skip the steps or the days. As we journey it seems to us that our progress is very slow, but every step leads higher, and some day we shall look back over the long trail over which we traveled with more or less difficulty, and we shall be glad we came by way of the Upper Road. We may say with Arthur Guiterman in his poem on "Hills":

“So let me hold my way,
By nothing daunted,
Until at close of day
I stand, exalted.

High on my hill of dreams,
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me.

How pure at vesper time,
The far hills climbing!
God give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing.”

The hills of life up which we climb are all within ourselves. Every good thought is a forward step and is registered on the soul. Our inner victories extend our spiritual boundaries and enlarge our soul's vision. We get away from our little selves into the larger life that is unbounded and eternal. The steps and struggles of every day are a part of this large life, and they lead us on to the summit. In the words of J. G. Holland:

“Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,

And we climb to its summit round by round.
We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

The choice of either staying where we are or going on to something better is all within ourselves. A young man one time in early history had a chance to Stay or Go. The place he was in said STAY, and offered him money, luxury, high positions of honor, and with these a life of ease, of indulgence, of pleasure seeking, and no climbing. The other road said Go, and offered him great responsibilities, hardships, sufferings, service for others, and leadership on the Upper Road. His first inclination was to remain where he was content. His better self, his great inner self gained the mastery and he (Moses) chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ of greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." Had this young man Moses failed to accept the call of the Upper Road, what a tragic loss it would have been.

Not only would he himself miss the abundant life, but all the people with whom he came in contact would be deprived of his inspiration and his leadership. He and they might never have known of the pillar of fire and the smiting of the sea and the wondrous assurance of God's presence as they journeyed together over the Little Road that led on to the Promised Land.

“Had Moses failed to go, had God
Granted his prayer, there would have been
For him no leadership to win;
No pillared fire, no magic rod,
No wonders in the land of Zin;
No smiting of the sea, no tears
Ecstatic shed on Sinai's steep,
No Nebo with his God to keep
His burial, only forty years
Of desert watching with his sheep.”

Forty years going along on the level, forty years of desert wandering, forty years of no climbing; a life spent in doing ordinary things in an ordinary way, choosing the way of least exertion, of least resistance, of least responsibility, of least service, of least growth, of least power, and in the end least satisfaction.

No hills to climb, no wide horizons, no large vistas, no inspiring outlook, no losing of self in the big things of life, but simply going along “desert watching” the sheep for forty years, and never extending the fences, nor enriching the pasture, nor opening of the gates to greater adventures—such a life would that of Moses have been had he not early in youth followed the advice of the Little Road that said—GO!

“The climbing road leads up to God,
The easier way leads down to death
And ruin and decay.”

Like Moses of old, you too may hear the call of the Upper Road and climb some mountain top. You may hear God speak to you. Your countenance may be changed. You may go out among your friends and associates and become a leader in promoting highest ideals and standards and quality of service. You may climb some Sinai and catch the great vision of life, and become a leader of the best.

“The common road, the trivial task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
That leads us daily nearer God.”

We need not go far to come in contact with mountains in life that call for climbing. We sometimes come in contact with people who make life difficult. They make us fight hard within ourselves to keep at our best.

“Daily with souls that cringe and plot
We Sinais climb and know it not.”

“The object of life is not to find a pleasant road but to reach a worthy goal, whatever the road.” Goethe in “Wilhelm Meister” tells us:

“Life is no resting but a moving;
Let thy life be deed on deed.”

On the Upper Road we are always living a life of eternal progress. The struggles and victories of every day lead us on to possessions that are unbounded. Our progress here is so gradual that the distance we travel each day seems imperceptible. Nevertheless the forward steps of each day count tremendously in the end. Mary Carolyn Davies tells how the little deeds of every day furnish strength for great occasions when they arrive:

“Every great deed has a stairway leading to it,
Every stair’s a little deed.

Every great deed has a stairway leading to it;
All who would climb there need
The patience to do small deeds every day.
There is no other way.

Every great deed has a stairway leading to it,
I mount up one by one;
I long to reach the top where there awaits me
The great deed to be done,
One at a time! O, one at a time
Is such a tiresome way to climb!

Every great deed has a stairway leading to it;
Small trials, slight tests, but then,
These little victories will lead my footsteps
To a great deed some day,
And I must go, as one who still prepares,
Quietly up the stairs."

It is your grand privilege every day of your life to climb the heights, surmount the rocky steeps, master the difficult; to lead out, to be informed, to contribute, to grow, to achieve, to assume responsibility, and thus instead of going along on the level all your days you may climb Sinai, you may become a leader and help others to climb the heights.

The story is told of a guide in the Alps who spent his life helping travelers find the path up the mountains. A stone now stands and marks his grave at Chamounix, with this inscription, "He Died Climbing."

That is the way Abraham Lincoln, while showing others the path to freedom, died—Climbing. That is the way that David Livingstone, while showing the dark continent of Africa the way to the Light, died—Climbing. These and many more all through history died—Climbing. Let us follow their example,

"Fearing not to build our eyrie in the heights
Where golden splendors play."

This Upper Road of life is worth all the struggle upward. It is in the end the only satisfactory road.

"It's a rough road and a steep road,
And it stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a Golden Town
Where Golden Houses are."¹

¹ Joyce Kilmer.

CHAPTER 6: *Your Day and Your
Opportunity on the Road*

“It shall be better that I lived.”

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

“Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn—
Look to this day for it is Life,
The very Life of Life.”

CHAPTER 6

Your Day and Your Opportunity On the Road

“Come, my soul, thou must be waking!
Now is breaking o'er the earth another day;
Come to Him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.”

—CANITZ.

You are living in the greatest time that has ever been since the world began. All that has been in the past has contributed more or less to this day in which you live. Others have labored and you have entered into their labors. Yours is a rich inheritance because you are heir of all of the past. It is a wonderful privilege to be born into the world at such a time as this. Great things are happening, and many more yet unrivaled are on the way. Things that were considered impossible a century ago

are realities today. So common have they become that we accept them as a matter of fact. We found them here without any effort on our part and we simply go ahead and make use of them.

We have seen so much that we are not surprised at anything that happens these days. We accept anything new as though we expected it. We believe in the seemingly impossible. F. W. Boreman in "The Passing of the Impossible" says: "Leander would have considered it impossible to have crossed the Hellespont in an aeroplane. But it wasn't. He didn't know how to do it. That was all." If we do not know how to accomplish impossible things ourselves we are not at all surprised when someone else does accomplish them. We have reached the place where we say no longer that because a thing has not been, it doesn't exist. Radio, for instance, has been since the beginning, but not until the proper time came for its discovery and our ability to make proper use of it, was it revealed to us.

The discoveries and inventions and knowledge of all kinds are here today for some great purpose. They have been a part of God's

great plan from the beginning. They are a part of the "eternal progress moving on."

God has many more things for us to discover. He has many secrets that He will make ours as soon as we are ready to discover them and use them. We go from where we are in the course of things to something better. We use what we have in the search for something more.

Wondrous things have been prepared for the next forward step in the march of events. We have instantaneous means of communication, swift modes of travel, enormous resources and wealth, the improved printing press, libraries, schools, colleges, hospitals, and churches. We have organizations without number. We have wheels within wheels. Knowledge has greatly increased. We have much time for running to and fro on the earth. We jostle each other on the streets. We have unrivaled opportunities for helping one another. We have much freedom and much leisure in our day, but with all we have there is unrest. All these gifts that are ours today do not of themselves satisfy. Satisfaction comes as a result of our own contribution to the life of today, of

the things that are worth while, the things that are worth passing on to others, the things that are eternal. It is the Spirit working by and through us in the use of the gifts of our day that gives them significance.

We shall make progress in our day only as the Spirit of the Master of Life abides in and works through each one of us. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A man's life consists of his spirit, his quality of service and his life purpose.

We are to seek money not for mere money's sake, but for the good we can pass on with it in our day; we are to seek higher positions and be worthy of them not for selfish ends but that we may have greater opportunities for usefulness. We should be interested in politics not for our own selfish ambitions but to help make politics cleaner and purer and effective and righteous in our day. We should not be in society just to have a so-called good time and to fritter away our precious day, but that in all our social contacts we may help bring into it the spirit and the vision and the helpful dignity of the Master.

“What really matters in any epoch is the question, Has the Soul moved? Has it gained any first step in its development? That is the count that will decide all other events. Your creeds, your congresses are straws in the wind.” It is only as we work in harmony with God that we make progress.”

“Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.”

“There is a divine plan in human affairs. It is not the order that exists but that ought to exist. God knows it and wills it. It is for man to discover and achieve it.”

“Life is much if God is in it,
Man’s busiest day’s not worth God’s minute;
Much is little everywhere
If God the labor does not share.
So work with God and nothing’s lost,
Who works with Him does best and most.”

We have made great progress in things material in the past because we have bent our every energy in that direction. We could make progress undreamed of as yet if we bent our every energy in the direction of the spiritual. There is power all about us awaiting release.

There are great secrets of God awaiting our readiness. We shall go forward not only along one line but along all lines when we work in harmony with God and take part in His divine plan. We shall do greater things than have yet been done if we bend our every energy in the direction of the Spirit. "The Spirit itself revealeth the deep things of God." It is our wonderful privilege in our day to have these deep things revealed to us.

"For the secrets are all forbidden
Till God means man to know,
And this was the thought
That the silence wrought,
That we were the men God meant should
know."

We cannot begin to dream where God will lead us if we but dedicate our lives to Him and do the work He wants done by each of us in this day He gives us. We already have unlimited opportunity to make use of the secrets God has placed at our disposal. It is great to be alive today and to have a chance to choose and to serve.

“It is the hour of man: new purposes,
Broad shouldered, press against the world’s
slow gate;
And voices from the vast eternities
Still preach the soul’s austere apostolate;
Always there will be vision of the heart,
The press of endless passion,—every goal
A traveler’s tavern, whence he must depart
On new adventures of the Soul.”

It is to the new adventures of the Soul that you are called in this your day. There are no adventures greater. All else falls into insignificance in comparison in the eternal reckoning. No one can call you to greater accomplishments than God. It is no tame life to which He calls you today. It is no selfish life. It is a life to be lived for the good of others. It is the life of the Spirit. It is the biggest challenge that can come to any individual. It calls forth daily the best there is in you. You must be awake and aggressive and fearless and dynamic if you do your part in this great day God has given you. This is a day of great temptations and of unprecedented possibilities. Marcus Dodd said, “I do not envy those who

have to fight the battles of Christianity in the twentieth century." Then afterwards he added, "Yes, perhaps I do, but it will be a stiff fight."

As you face your life today then, look upon it as a great challenge and no easy task. It is something too big and too vital and too eternally important for you to undertake alone. It is only with God's help that you can make the most of this wonderful day that He has given you; this great day in which you are free to choose and in which you are privileged to make your contribution to the whole of life; the day in which you are to pass on to others your best, as others before you have passed on their best to you. These are great days of opportunity.

"He speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
Naming it new and little and obscure,
Ignoble and unfit for lofty deeds.
All times were modern in the time of them,
And this no more than others. Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing far back to the far looming hour

Say, Then was the time when men were truly
men:

Though wars grew less, their spirits met the
test

Of new conditions; conquering the civic
wrong,

Saving the country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their
sons' ;

Defying leagued fraud with single truth;
Not fearing loss, and daring to be pure."

All too few have this vision of Richard Watson Gilder. It is astonishing the number of individuals who fail to realize the importance of their day, and are not at all concerned regarding the contribution they are making. They are indifferent to the part they take in it. They do not take seriously this wonderful day God gives them in which to live a life that counts for themselves, for others, and for Him. They do not as much as thank God that He gives them life and freedom and wonderful advantages in their day. They are ungrateful children, accepting all these gifts and not recognizing the Giver. They pay no more at-

tention to God than if He were not. They positively leave Him out of their plans as though He did not matter. They close their ears to the call of the Upper Road, and take another of their own choosing.

“Oh the road to Endor is the oldest road
And the craziest road of all;
Straight it runs to the old witch’s abode
As it did in the days of Saul;
And nothing has changed the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to Endor.”

All life and all world conditions everywhere are made clean and pure and wholesome and harmonious, beautiful and inspiring in proportion as each individual in his day helps to make them so. In the words of Owen Meredith:

“No stream from its source flows seaward,
How lonely soever its course, but that some
 land is gladdened;
No star ever rose or set without influence
 somewhere.
Who knows what earth needs from earth’s
 lowest creature?

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong
in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger
thereby."

Each individual is as much one as any other individual. Each one may add in some way to the contribution of the whole. They who make the biggest contributions in their day are they who are possessed of the Spirit of God and are led by Him.

The spiritual life does not mean a secluded life. It does not mean that one has to talk about God all the time. There are people who, as someone has said, "do not believe there is an egg in the pudding unless they see the egg."

In God's sight, "Your duties are as much a part of your religious life as your devotions." "The ordinary vocation becomes a divine mission." "The true scholar goes to his desk as to an altar." The whole of life counts with God. In the words of George Herbert:

"Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

God is not partial to those holding the highest offices. "All service ranks the same with

God." It is "the spirit in which we act that is the highest matter." In your day's program what matters with Him is not your mottoes and your creeds, but your inner life, your daily choices, how you play your games, do your work, spend your money, use your talents, that in everything connected with your life you may do all for the good of others and for the glory of God.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," said the Master of the Upper Road. "Fill the barrel with wheat, and you may defy the devil to fill it with tares." Napoleon had the same idea when he said, "To replace is to conquer." The reason there are so many undesirable and destructive influences in the world today is because each individual did not assume sufficient responsibility and become sufficiently active in his day in helping to keep the evil out by crowding in the good, by being on the ground floor first and beating the devil to it. He did not realize the importance and the power and the far reaching influence of his own individual immortal contribution to the life of his day. Had more of them seen and cared and been ready with the best, we would

not have the difficulties we have today in driving out the evils that have gotten into society, into politics, into our homes, into our communities, into our standards of living. "Nature abhors a vacuum." "Weeds thrive in soil where no seed is sown." "The devil like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour." Are you doing your part in your day to keep the evil out? Then

"Breathe the world thought, do the world deed,
Think highly of thy brother's need.
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part;
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age."

Every good thought you think, every temptation you overcome, every good service you render helps keep the evil out. Evil is so fluid that you have to attend to business constantly to keep it out. You must be well reinforced. You must keep fit in every way to meet the problems and the temptations of your day. Never indulge in anything that will leave you less than your best. You should be able to give to your inner self a satisfactory reason for

everything that you do. You cannot afford to do things just because others do them, or because you think you are going to be left out of society if you do not join with others in the doing of that which your innermost soul tells you is not best. Be a leader of the best, an introducer of the good, and not a follower of the weak-willed and the indifferent people of your day.

“Right needs you,
Truth claims you—
That’s a call indeed
One must heed.”

Your reading ought to be such as will strengthen your mind, increase your knowledge, add tonic to your soul, broaden your vision, and inspire you to still better living. You should read daily the Word through which the Master of Life reveals yourself to you and makes plain to you His principles and His purpose of life.

You should have an intelligent and whenever possible an active interest in all the vital problems of your day. Consider them as God’s affairs and yours. All the business in the

world today is God's business and ours. We are called to be workers with Him. He has called us to become His ambassadors.

In every community there is going on in every individual you meet a choosing between the good and the evil, between the best and the not best, between Christ and Barabbas, between the Upper Road and the Lower. Many choose the things that narrow life, and miss the broad outlook and the abundant and the fruitful life. "Whatever lowers vitality, lessens life, narrows it, impoverishes it, by whatever name it is called, whatever authority commands it is anti-Christian. Christ declared His mission to develop life, enlarge its sphere, increase its activities, ennable its character. The life that He came to impart transcends all definition."

The greatest thing you can do for any individual or any group in your day is to help them find the best. It takes courage, consecration, power of will to do this in your own group, in your own home, among your own friends, in your own school, in your own place of business, where the need may be as great as it is anywhere.

The place you are in needs you today. That is why the Master of Life placed you in it. He expects you to represent Him in this place, just as much as if He sent you to India or to Africa. He divided the world up into little places and little groups of friends and folks that each might have a part, wherever they were, in helping Him upbuild His kingdom.

There is enough to be done everywhere to occupy all of everybody's time. Some may work in one way in their day and some in another. Christ's plan for the redemption of the world deals with every phase of life today. There is nothing in life foreign to Him. He is concerned with our conduct towards our neighbor, with sanitation, economics, agriculture, commerce, industry, homes, schools, churches, society, politics and especially with our consideration of little children and young people, all of whom are very dear to Him, and who are easily influenced by the things we do and teach. In His conception of life, "not only this and that among the conditions but the totality of human existence has to be regenerated."

So close are our contacts, so rapid our means

of communication, so intricate is life, that each individual influence is very far reaching these days.

As every man with a trowel helps in a great building, doing a necessary part; as every stroke of the artist helps bring out the beauty and the harmony of a great painting, so every good thought and every unselfish act, and every good we promote helps today in the upbuilding of the Master's Kingdom.

It is a wonderful privilege to be alive today, to know that God gives you life. It is great to be able to recognize Him in nature all about you; to be permitted and urgently invited to hold sweet communion with Him within the sanctuary of your own soul; to be given will power with which to accept the best; to be given strength and grace to climb the Upper Road; to be privileged, with His help, to become the most helpful and the most inspiring person possible in this day that He gives you; to be able to say in your day, as Frances Willard said in hers, "It shall be better that I lived"—all because you heard and accepted the Call of the Upper Road.

THE END

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01004 5310